THE TRUE HEROINE.

What was she like? I cannot tell; I only know God loved her well; Two noble sons her gray hairs blest-And he, their sire, was now at rest.

And why her children loved her so, And called her blessed, all shall know: She never had a selfish thought, Nor valued what her hand had wrought,

She could be just in spite of love; And cherished hates she dwelt above; In sick-rooms, they that had her care, Said she was wondrous gentle there.

It was a fearful trust, she knew, To guide her young immortals through: But Love and Truth explained the way, And Piety made perfect day.

She taught them to be pure and true, And brave, and strong, and courteous, toe; She made them reverence silver hairs, And feel the poor man's biting cares,

She won them ever to her side: Home was their treasure and their pride; Its food, drink, shelter, pleased them best, And there they found the sweetest rest.

And often, as the shadows fell, And twilight had attuned them well, She sang of many a fioble deed, And marked with joy their eager heed.

And most she marked their kindling eyes, When telling of the victories That made the Stars and Stripes a name, Their country rich in honest fame.

It was so broad, so rich, so free, They sang its praise beyond the sea. And thousands sought its kindly shore, And none were poor and friendless more:

Its poorest children lacked not bread;

It was a noble land, she said-

All blessed the name of Washington, And loved the Union, every one. She prayed the skies might soon be bright, And made her sons prepare for fight;

In such an hour youths can be men! By day she went from door to door-Men caught her soul, unfelt before; By night she prayed, and planned, and dreamed

Brave youths !- their zeal proved clearly then,

Till morn's red light war's lightning seemed. The cry went forth; forth stepped her sons, In martial blaze of gleaming guns; Still striding on to perils dire,

They turned to catch her glance of fire.

No fears, no fond regrets she knew, But proudly watched them fade from view: "Lord, keep them so!" she said, and turned To where her lonely hearth-fire burned,

ORIGIN OF THE GRAND ARMY.

The following incident regarding the organization of the Grand Army of the Republie will be read with interest by many in our city and members of the organization elsewhere. The credit is due to the brains of two Morgan county soldiers, Chaplain Wm. J. Rutledge, who conceived it, and Major B. F. Stevenson, who pushed forward the idea to a successful termination.

February 1, 1864, some 25,000 brave men under General Sherman left Vicksburg and vicinity on what was then called "the Meridian raid," as Meridian and Enterprise were almost the extreme eastern points from which the return march was made to Vicksburg. But for the failure of General Smith to reinforce the command with cavalry from Memphis, they would have gone southward to Mobile, thus anticipating the experiment of the "Grand March to the

While they tarried two nights and one day at this eastern end of the raid, awaiting General Smith and breaking up some railroad tracks, most of the baggage train and provisions had been left some twenty miles west under guard, that they might be less encumbered in the final conflict with General connections. But as his fighting for a fortnight availed him nothing he retreated beyond their reach.

Having accomplished an important work | left there, and close up." by the raid, they started back, via Canton, Miss., toward Vicksburg. The first day's march brought them to the train and provisions, over which they were the more that night, and as there was probably no Even the staid hospital mess, with no sick to care for, fell into the same nervous, sleepless current. Though speaking especially for the Fourteenth regiment Illinois Volunteer Infantry, this vigil was probably kept by most of the Fourth division of the Seventeenth Army Corps.

But to return. There was Wm. J. Rut-"the glory of war being a humbug; as a man | the word passed around; may sometimes be left by his comrades to Paradise he must be greatly chagrined to out of this on a double jump!" see his name misspelled in the reports, leavlucky dogs; we will live on after this land has been subsoiled by the plowshare of war. and rebellion and slavery turned under so crutch and show how fields were won!

"Moreover," continued the chaplain, "as in the lines. Knight Errantry and Masonry were wonderally revived during the wars of the Crusades, so we in the years that lie beyond will revive them by organizing, on a fraternal basis, the Grand Army of the Republic. You, Doctor, shall be grand mogul or commander-in-chief; Dr. Chafee, your adjutantgeneral; Meacham, your aid-de-camp; Scott, this venerable oak, that may have sheltered get back of our own accord. Indians, Aztecs, or Druids centuries ago, we will, after due examination, proceed to col- per ahead.

lect the initiation fees, and admit the brethren, swearing them to liberty, equality, and sympathy with the under dog in the fight.

"Thus shall we insure a soldier's reunion every full moon. We shall bind together a brotherhood who were previously united in the fellowship of suffering; and as some doubtless will deserve pensions who will fail in obtaining them, we can supply this lack by our voluntary contributions."

Thus with suggestions, humorous or eardawned, and the march was resumed. Dr. Stevenson, though not imaginative and inventive like the chaplain, was methodical and a born organizer. The chaplain had built this castle in the air, as the pleasant pastime of a sleepless night. The doctor moat and drawbridge for it, commissioned its officers, mounted its sentinels, and manned it before his death with 100,000 men. To the chaplain it was one of the down" at his bidding. These two, though to the projected organization in all save this: The doctor wanted to give it a decided political tinge, claiming that those who had borne the burden alone should have the benefit, but the chaplain of the old Fourteenth discarded the "machine" idea, insisting that the fra- ger. ternal and benevolent one was best to insure usefulness and perpetuity.

ideal, it was not till the spring of 1866 that he (having removed from Jacksonville to Springfield, Ill.) telegraphed the chaplain (who was then stationed in Bloomington) for a special interview. So the Doctor, the Chaplain, Colonel John M. Snyder, and Colonel A. Weber, read and corrected the proof sheets of the Constitution and By-Laws of the Grand Army of the Republic, and the first "Post" was organized in Springfield, near the home and tomb of Lincoln, whence it soon spread through Illinois and into other States.

Dr. Stevenson remained the first commander-in-chief up to the time of the first general rally, held in the Representatives Hall of the old State House. It was with great hesitancy, then, that the committee on nominations substituted the name of General Jno. A. Logan, leaving Dr. S. as commander-in-chief for Illinois alone. The committee knowing Chaplain Rutledge's intimacy with the doctor, requested him, in seconding General Logan's nomination, to award to the doctor all the credit due him, which he did in a brief but earnest speech, that will long be remembered by those who heard it. The doctor was somewhat grieved at being superseded in the general command, but he was deeply moved by the chaplain's reference to the memories of the Mississippi forest, and in reply said that the chaplain gave him more credit than was due; for "it was the chaplain himself who had originated the idea, and aided and encouraged him in pushing it to its consummation."

Thus the Grand Army of the Republic. that first flitted as a phantom through the forests of Mississippi, now marshals its hosts and keeps step to the music of the Union .-Jacksonvilie (Ill.) Daily Journal.

AN INCIDENT AT "HATCHER'S RUN." While we were yet before Petersburg, two divisions of the Ninth, leaving the line of works at the Weldon Railroad, were pushed out still farther to the left, with the intention of turning the enemy's right flank.

Polk's force, thinking he would not tamely | days' rations in our haversacks, we moved picket-lines about ten o'clock.

"Pop! pop! pop! Boom! boom! boom:

Away into the woods we plunge in line of battle through briers and tangled underwith rain. We lose the points of the comthen was its full effects as a stimulant made | and guide right, until I feel certain that known to many. Sleep was banished for officers as well as men are getting pretty well and crowed all along the line. The gravest wrong side of the trees. I see one of our little perplexity.

> to a stand in line of battle and put up breastworks for the night.

ledge, regimental chaplain; Major B. F. Ste- cook our coffee, while sounds of axes and save not time to describe them now. All as we lie down shivering under our India were warm personal friends, yet fond of rubber blankets, to get what rest we may. joking each other. Dr. Stevenson, provoked How long we had slept I did not know.

"Wake up, boys! Wake up, boys! Don't ored, and unsung,' and if transferred to and canteens don't rattle. We've got to get

We were in a pretty fix, indeed! In placing his friends in doubt as to whether it were | ing the regiments in position, by some blunhe or some other man." The chaplain, al- der, quite excusable no doubt in the darkways buoyant in spirits and fruitful in ness and the tangled forest, we had been resource, replied: "That won't apply to you unwittingly pushed beyond the main lineand I. Doc, for we have had no battle yet | were, in fact, quite outside the picket-line! where all were killed on both sides; some It needed only daylight to let the enemy escape to tell about it; so we will be those see his game, and sweep us off the boards. And daylight was fast coming in the east.

deep that they will never sprout again, and to the rear somewhere about three o'clock, by our peaceful firesides we'll 'shoulder our | to cook a cup of coffee at a half-extinguished

ment is out yonder in front, on skirmish!" "No," said the cavalryman; "our cavalry

are to send in all men beyond us."

headquarters," said the Company A boy. When General Bragg learned the true your paymaster; Goldsmith, your inside state of affairs, he at once ordered out an essentinel; Sam. Logan, your vidette, and I cort of five hundred men to bring in our

"This way, men!" said a voice in a whis-

the darkness, and under no certain leadership, was evident, for I noticed in the dim light that, in our tramping about in the

And now, as the day is dawning in the east, and the enemy's pickets see us trying nest, the night wore on, the morning to steal away, a large force is ordered against us, and comes sweeping down with yells and whistling bullets-just as the escort of five | command of Major-General Thomas L. Crithundred, with re-assuring cheers, comes up tenden, was marching through Ringgold from the rear to our support!

of battle. A battery of artillery, hastily discovered by the provost-guard emerging brought that castle to the ground, made dragged up into position, opens on the charg- from a house with a huge class Bible under ing line of gray with grape and canister, his arm. The disease known nowadays as while from bush and tree pours back and kleptomania had, I am sorry to say, attacked forth the dreadful blaze of musketry. For quite a number of our officers as well as half an hour, the conflict rages fierce and men; anything portable from a tin cup to beautiful myths plowing through his brain; high in the dawning light and under the a piano had irresistable attractions for them. to the doctor it was "a ghost that would not | dripping trees-the officers shouting, and the | The trembling lieutenant was taken to corps men cheering and yelling and charging, often | headquarters, where the general ordered him very dissimilar as men, were agreed in regard | fighting band to hand and with bayonets | to be placed under guard in a rail pen and locked in deadly encounter, while the air is kept there until he read the Bible through. cut by whistling lead, and the deep bass of The days were long and warm, and all the cannon wakes the echoes of the forest. through the sultry hours the poor fellow sat But at last the musketry-fire gradually worrying his way through the book of slackens, and we find ourselves out of dan- Genesis. His education had been neglected

the wonder of all, we are brought within the Ardent as the doctor was about this new lines again, begrimed with smoke and leaving many of our poor fellows dead or wound-

> Anxiously every man looked about for his chum and messmates, lost sight of during the whirling storm of battle in the twilight woods. And I, too, looked,-but where was Andy ?-St. Nicholas for April.

EX-SOLDIERS IN CIVIL SERVICE. During a late visit to Springfield, Ill., we were desirous to know how the old soldiers were treated by the heads of the different departments, and on inquiry we learned that the Governor of the State had three men in his office, one of which was a soldier. The Secretary of State has connected with his office thirty-five employees; eighteen of them are soldiers. The State Treasurer's office employs eight men; three of them are soldiers. The Adjutant General's office employs four, all of whom were soldiers. The Auditor's office keeps eight men employed; four of them were soldiers. The office of Superintendent of Public Instruction gives employment to three men, none of whom were in the service. The Attorney-General's office employs two men; one was a soldier. The appointive offices in the capitol building are fairly represented by soldiers, but not as fair as it should be. It is necessary to remind our soldier readers of the treatment accorded them; and as we propose to follow up the recognition of employing soldiers, when all things are equal, we propose to bring the subject before the soldiers of Illinois in due and proper time.

The following Illinois State officers have honorable soldier records: Lieutenant-Governor Hamilton, Secretary of State Dement, Treasurer of State Rutz, Attorney-General McCartney, Auditor of State Swigart, Adjutant-General Elliott.- Weekly Freeman.

REMINISCENCES OF SPOTTYSYLVANIA

"Boys, we have got a hard job before us! divisions of our corps (the Fifth) with two | So spoke old "Brick-Top," Colonel S. S. Caroll, of the Eighth O. V. I., commanding brigade. A raw recruit might not have seen anything very difficult, apparently, to reach that little line of fresh earth crowning the Starting out, therefore, early on the morn- crest of the hill about thirty rods to our ing of Thursday, October 27, 1864, with four front, but we veterans of the brigade knew, although we had been in many a hard-fought vield to destruction these important railroad off rapidly by the left, striking the enemy's battle, that it was the toughest job we had ever undertaken. It was early in the day when we received the order, "Be ready to We're in for it again, boys; so, steady on the charge the enemy's works at three o'clock p. m." Our lines had been moved up as near as possible to the rebel works; our position was in quite a thick woods. We growth, beneath the great trees dripping had stacked arms, and had stolen out by twos and threes to the skirmish line to have jubilant as they had been without coffee for pass, and halt every now and then to close a look at the work cut out for us to do. three days. Then they unwisely undertook up a gap in the line by bearing off to the The Johnnies were very quiet, evidently to make up for lost time by drinking an right or the left. Then, forward we go courting attack. Their position was on the excess of hot, strong coffee, and never until through the brush again, steady on the left top of a steep hill; they had formed an almost impenetrable abatis by dragging trees and bushes up on the hillside, with "into the woods" as to the direction of our | the limbs all pointing downward and every rebel force to be feared within fifty miles advance. It is raining, and we have no sun twig and branch thoroughly sharpened. the soldiers whistled, sang, squealed, neighed, to guide us, and the moss is growing on the Without axes it was impossible to get through it. As each group returned to the officers were not exempt from this coffee generals sit on his horse, with his pocket line it was plainly written on each face that exhileration, and bursts of laughter here compass on the pommel of his saddle, peer- they considered it an almost hopeless job. and there indicated that the wag or wit of | ing around into the interminable tangle of | We can never get through there without that squad was perpetrating his best jokes. brier and brush, with an expression of no axes, and those we haven't got; but there was no trying to steal to the rear-no volun-Yet still, on, boys, while the pickets are | teers to take the company's canteens and go popping away and the rain is pouring down. for water, to be gone all day. Our brave The evening falls early and cold, as we come | Colonel knew his men would do all that men could do, and the charge must be made if every man went down. The order was We have halted on the slope of a ravine. | imperative. As the hour of three approached Minieballs are singing over our heads as we knapsacks were piled and the officers took off their coats and threw them on the pile. venson, surgeon; Dr. Chafee, assistant sur- falling trees are heard on all sides; and still The weakest man in the company was de- himself up with a week's provisions by his geon; Jos. Meacham, hospital steward, &c. | that merry "z-i-p! z-i-p!" goes on among | tailed to stand guard over them. Guns were | side, and was taken by an expressman to the Each man was a marked character, but we the tree-tops and sings us to sleep, at length, carefully inspected and loaded; comrades office. The box was 18 inches wide, 6 feet gave messages in low tones to comrades for the loved ones at home; no jest or gay banter now; every face wears a serious but by this sleeplessness, began to moralize on when some one shook me, and in a whisper determined look; that strange hush which precedes a battle was over all. Boomboom-far down the line. That's the signal. die on the bloody field, 'unwept, unhon- make any noise, and take care your tin cups Attention! fix bayonets! Forward, doublequick! march! and away we go, with a ringing cheer, which is immediately answered by a tremendous volley from the rebel works. and men that but a moment before were full of life throw up their hands and clutch wildly at the empty air; then fall heavily to the earth and are numbered with the killed in battle. Others go limping or crawling on their hands and knees to the rear. The untouched go bravely on in the face of that murderous fire until the abatis is Long after a Company A boy, who was on reached; there they halt and vainly look picket that night, told me that, upon going for some opening to get up the hill, but none is found. I don't think any order to retreat was given; but it was soon evident fire, a cavalry picket ordered him back with- that that was the best policy, and in a short time we were formed again in line of battle "The lines are not back there; my regi- in our original position. We hastily threw up temporary rifle-pits of old logs and such stuff as we could gather, ate a cold supper. is the extreme picket-line, and our orders and lay down on our arms and were soon dreaming of home or fighting our battles "Then take me at once to General Bragg's over. About midnight our officers awoke us with the whispered order to "Fall in"

with as little noise as possible, and we

moved off silently to the rear. Where are

"This way, men!" said another voice in some new point. "Guess Grant will find out that he is fighting different generals and That we were wandering about vainly in | troops than he did out West." Such were some of the remarks made that night. But we had not yet got acquainted with our commander. We were on the road to give the tangle, we had twice crossed the same fallen rebels such a twist on the following morntree, and so must have been moving in a ling as they had not received in many a day, and we did it. P. S. POTTER.

Late Sergeant Co. H, 8th O. V. I.

"HELL IS BETTER THAN THIS."

on its way to Chickamauga battle-ground, Instantly we are in the cloud and smoke | the week before the battle, a lieutenant was in his youth, and his subsequent reading The enemy's prey has escaped him, and, to had never led him into such a labyrinth of names. He had just tackled Leviticus, and the road seemed harder than ever to travel, when the opening guns at Chickamauga broke upon his ear. Starting up he rushed past the sleepy sentinel with the cry "H-II is better than this!" and reached his regiment in time to take part in the fight. I am | cancel the claims. happy to be able to state that he lived through the battle, and that his bravery upon the field excused him from further biblical

A SCOUT'S CLAIM FOR PENSION.

A very interesting case, which has been "hanging fire" for some time in the Senate Committee on Pensions, has been reported back with favorable recommendation. It is can bestow enough praise on your untiring the case of Jesse F. Phares, a scout under efforts in behalf of us poor old soldiers. If Gen. McClellan, whose application to be every one that sit in high places were as willplaced upon the pension-rell was reported adversely by the Senate Committee on Pensions in the preceding Congress, but the and passed the bill, which, however, failed, for want of action in the House. The opposition to the prayer of the petitioner was based upon the argument that there was no law for the pensioning of scouts, and that it would be impolitic to establish a precedent by granting a pension in a special case.

"The facts in the case," the committee says in a report by Mr. Camden, of West Virginia, "are clearly proven. At the outbreak of the rebellion the claimant was a resident of Randolph county, Va. He entered the service of the Government about the month of June, 1861, as a scout, serving under Gens. McClellan, Milroy, Kelly and others, and by reason of his intimate knowledge of the country and his intelligenes zeal and daring, rendered very valnable services to the Union cause. In April, 1883, the confederate General Imboden advanced upon the Union forces at Beverly, W. Va., commanded by Col. Geo. R. Latham, commanding Fifth West Virginia Cavalry. In the advance Phares, who was then on duty outside the Union pickets, was surprised by a party of confederate troops, and refusing to halt when ordered, was shot through the

body, but retained his saddle until he reached the Union lines." * * * Phares is about 43 years of age, and has been for several years failing rapidly in physical strength, in consequence of the wound above referred to. An examining surgeon from the Pension Office, Dr. J. R. Blair, of West Virginia, certifies, under date of December 24, 1879, that he has carefully examined Phares, and finds "that his left hip was entered by a musket-ball, which passed upward through the region of the lower part of the left lung and out near the stomach. The effect of the wound is to weaken and partially paralyze the entire left side, and in my judgment produces at | Douglass, Kansas, March 22. least a two-thirds disability, which will increase." The bill to pension Phares, as reported to-day, contains this qualifying To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE: clause: "But the amount of such pension shall not be greater than said Phares would be entitled to if he had been a private soldier, and shall commence from the passage

TRAVELING AS MERCHANDISE. Three weeks ago John McAuley, an old and well-known citizen of Chicago, who is of an eccentric and jocular disposition, conceived the idea of boxing himself up and obtaining transportation to Philadelphia as merchandise. He was informed by the agent of the Adams Express Company that he could go in a box, but that he would have to pay passenger fare. McAuley declared that he would go as merchandise and would pay no more than \$2.50 per hundred. He boxed long, hooped with iron bands and ornamented with a padlock. The agent was told that it contained flowers. It was addressed to Miss Kisselman, Philadelphia. The box was forwarded to its destination, the charges having been prepaid. Toward morning the messenger discovered the old man, and when the train stopped at Van Wert, Ohio, he turned him over to the authorities, by whom he was sent home.

A MILITARY FASHION FOR LADIES. Fashion has turned her back on the navy and taken up with the army in the matter of cloth suits. Instead of the suit of navy blue with blouse and sailor collar, all cloth suits are now made a la militaire. They are made with a straight, long, tight-fitting basque and sleeves, straight, round and rather long over skirts, and a trimmed walking skirt. To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE: . The front of the basque is ornamented with rows of black soutache braid extending from shoulder to shoulder across the top, and growing narrower towards the waist, and widening out again to the bottom of the basque. The ends of the braid are turned under in loops or are fastened down with tiny round buttons of passementerie. The front of the overskirt, the sleeves and the turnedover collar are ornamented in the same way. A large feather-trimmed hat and long buff mosquetaire gloves drawn over the sleeves complete the costume. Cadet and army we going? Now all agreed that the old blue are the favorite colors for these your chaplain. Being now organized under regiment. Meanwhile, we were trying to programme of the Army of the Potomac suits. Surtouts of black diagonal cloth, was being carried out-whipped again-and | reaching to the knees, close-fitting about the were falling back to some safe place to rebust and hips, and trimmed in the same organize and recruit preparatory to trying | way, are very effective.

THE SOLDIER'S VOICE.

[Communications from ex-soldiers are invited for this Department of The Tribune. Personalities must be avoided, and letters prepared as concisely as possible.-ED. TRIBUNE.]

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

I am an old soldier and a subscriber to THE TRIBUNE, and I wish to say a few words to my | 1880, thousands of meritorious claims have no old comrades of the war. Comrades, as we stood When the Twenty-first Army Corps, under | by the batteries on the field to protect the rights of every American, so let us stand by the new press of The National Trieune, to protect our own rights, for she is a mighty gattling gun, who is throwing thousands of hot shot every week in our defence, and all we have to do is to rain down one cartridge in the shape of subscription to keep the old gun in ammunition for a whole year. There is a good gunner at the breech, and he makes no poor shots. Give him plenty of ammunition, and he will soon batter down the old fort of prejudice and tardiness that now stands in the front of every FRANK HIRST, Serg't 27th Mass. Infantry.

PITTSFIELD, MASS.

ARE THE CLAIMS TO BE CANCELLED BY DEATH.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I have perused one or two copies of your interesting paper, and I can truthfully say I think it is the most valuable paper for informaendured the hardships and the many trials to | grudgingly, but freely and cheerfully." Brave save our Government. I think every soldier | words from a brave man! Senator Vest said: ought to take your paper, and help to aid you in the good work that you have so nobly begun. Congress ought to do something soon for us of backward, we would have voted anything to pension claimants, unless they wish to let death Respectfully.

J. A. EMISON, Late Private Co. D. 5th Ind. Cav. BLUFFTON, ALLEN Co., OHIO, March 27.

AN EX-SOLDIER STATES THE CASE PLAINLY. To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

I have been a subscriber to your valuable paper for over one year. It grows better all the time. I like it so well I hardly know how I ing as you are to see right and justice meeted out where justice is due, there would be no delays thought of. Could the men in power at Washington realize, or even have to endure for one month, what we endured for three years, they would not be so slow to appropriate the much-needed help and money to Commissioner Dudley, who toils early and late with his short allowance of clerks to do all he can for the sol dier. He vairly asks for men and means to help him through, so those having claims pending, and are so needy, may receive their reward for long past services to their country; that made it inhabitable and secure to them and future generations. The prosperous bondholder is paid all dues, and no questions asked, no delays thought of. Others who already possess hundreds and thousands of dollars, and were not objects of charity in any respect, are pensioned, amounting to thousands of dollars each year. Plenty of money for everything and everybody else; but who cares for a poor old scarred, crippled, and worn-out soldier, minus a leg or arm, or perhaps both, who has suffered. bled, and worse than died for his country and his country's good. He can struggle on, endure every privation, and every needed comfort that to him, above all others, should be granted. It is truly written, that "To him that hath shall be given, and to him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath." The soldier lost his time, which was money to him and his family. He also lost his health, and we begin to think he has lost all claim on this Government for money to keep soul and body together. I think the Government delays the necessary appropriations in order that the soldiers and all their families and relatives will die, moulder, and decay. Then the claim will be cancelled, the claimant and all his progeny will be wearing their wooden overcoats, Gabriel will blow his horn, we will all coon the pole across the river into the Great Beyond, and be forever freed from the trials, cares, and disappointments of getting a claim allowed, or the eautiful title of "Government pauper." I want to see all provided for, not forgetting that life, and an occasional bone to gnaw at, is as sweet to the little, insignificant cur as to the sleek, well-fed coach dog.

JUST WHAT IS WANTED.

Please send THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE to my

address, Yonkers, Westchester county, N. Y. The soldiers of the rebellion have long needed an able and powerful advocate to fight for their rights. This nation has never appreciated the work accomplished by its soldiers. Our revolutionary soldiers were never paid; and when their services were no longer required. and age and infirmities made it impossible for them to labor, they were given homes within the hospitable walls of "poorhouses" and monuments in "potter's fields."

In a newspaper published in Lansingburgh, N. Y., soon after the Revolutionary War, appeared the following bitter verse: Our God and soldiers we alike adore.

E'en at the brink of danger, not before; The danger past, both alike requited, Our God's forgotten and our soldiers slighted. CHAS. G. OTIS. Respectfully yours, NEW YORK, March 30.

A REMINDER TO CONGRESSMEN.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Will you please allow me a short space in your valuable paper to say, that I would like to know how it is that Congress can so soon pass a bill for the relief of the Mississippi sufferers, but the men who have suffered for the past eighteen years from the effects of wounds which they received in line of battle, and their health broken down by the exposure of army life, and yet to this day there are hundreds of thousands of them that have not received what is due to them from the Government of the United States. The soldiers who went to the war when this country was in great peril are the sufferers who need a speedy relief. A PENSIONER.

NEW YORK, March 25.

A LOVER OF SOLDIERS' RIGHTS.

Being a reader of your valuable paper, I can speak for a large number of soldiers in great need of what the Government justly owes them. being poverty stricken from the effects of poor health and failure of crops. If our Senators and Representatives knew exactly our necessary wants and sufferings they would not hesitate nor delay one day's time in passing the equalization bounty bill, which would relieve the the money-sharks right and left. Long wave great suffering of many ex-soldiers. I wish we had a few friends in Congress that would urge the equalization bill to become a law. I send my subscription for THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE. and add one more to the list of subscribers.

I remain a lover of soldiers' rights, WILLIAM M. MACKEY. Sergeant Co. C, 14th Reg't Inf. Vols., Who lost his right arm at Vicksburg.

LET IT BE DONE. To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

It was a righteous act on the part of Congress to grant the benefits of the arrearage act to the widow of General Alexander Hays. While no money can compensate her for his loss, yet it shows there is a disposition to do justice, in part at least. Instead of special legislation on a few cases, Congress ought to pass a bill extending the time granting arrears, and give all soldiers their equal and just dues. Since July, doubt been filed, and it is neither right nor just that claimants, if honest, should be debarred from the same benefits to which their more fortunate comrades are entitled. Let every honest claimant be placed on the same level in the treatment he is to receive from the Government. None will question the justness of such a rule, and it ought to be done now, and not wait until the soldier becomes gray and feeble. The honorable course of our Northern members in the matter of pensions needs no mention here, but to those who bravely fought us for more than four long years a word may be added. Senator Call said: "If the friends of the soldier supported him from the period of his discharge to the time when his pension was granted, then they only did what the Government was bound to do, and did it because of the Government's default in performing its obligation." Every word true. Senator Garland said: "I know of none more deserving and more meritorious than the soldiers who fought the battles of this country, and there is not a soldier of the contion for the soldier that is printed. It speaks | federacy that I know of but what is willing to boldly in defence of our brave soldiers, who see these men paid, and see them paid not "If the tide of battle had gone in the other direction, if our flag had floated forward instead these soldiers who won the fight." The Senator speaks the honest sentiments of every soldier who wore the gray, and there is not a Union soldier from Maine to California but what will say they would have deserved it. A confederate officer, not long since, told the writer that if they had been successful there would have been no limitations in their pension laws, and do quibbling over legislation on the subject. Every soldier would have been treated alike, and paid from the day he left the service. How much more henorable is the course of these men toward these who wore the blue than the conduct of him, who shall be nameless, who has described the bill granting arrearages to our soldiers as "a fraud upon the American people, and a standing monument to the ignorance, selfishness, and cowardice of have been tolerated from the New York Herald, Tribune, or Evening Post, but when made in the Senate of the United States by one who did not have the moral courage to vote against what he has termed "a fraud," it becomes all the more degrading. PETERSBURG.

WILLING TO PAY DOUBLE THE SUBSCRIPTON

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I desire to say in behalf of those who take your valuable paper at this place, that we greatly admire its new style. I heard an ex-soldier say recently that he would take THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE if it cost \$2.00 per year, and many wonder why so grand a paper can be furnished for so small a sum. Ellsworth Post, No. 20, of this place, is in flourishing condition, and numbers forty-one members, and gaining rapidly. We fully appreciate the interest THE TRIBUNE takes in the welfare of the ex-soldier, and will do all we can to swell the list of subscribers. May success crown your efforts.

HARTFORD, VAN BUREN Co., MICH., March 29. "ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER."

W. H.

Yours, &c.,

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE:

Find enclosed one dollar (\$1) for The Tri-BUNE. I glory in your noble cause. But for the soldiers and sailors, and their noble commanders, offering up their lives a sacrifice for the Constitution and Union, we would not breathe the air of a free government. One good turn deserves another. Now let Congress, giving to railroad corporations and other unnecessaries, give to them who preserved them a GEORGE ANDERSON.

HIBERNIA, MORRIS Co., N. J., March 20.

LONG-STANDING CLAIMS,

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE? I am a disabled soldier, and desire the pension law extended, so that many poor soldiers, like myself, may receive that help from the Government which they so badly need. I have a claim pending since March, 1880, and have not yet received my papers, although I have given all the evidence required. I should have put in my claim years ago, but refrained from doing so as long as I possibly could live without it. There are thousands in the same condition. Why is it that we are so neglected?

C. F. WEISER. MARTINSBURG, ADRIAN Co., Mo., March 26.

LAD TO SEE THE SOLDIERS' INTERESTS PRO-

TECTED. To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I have been reading THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE

for a long time, and am glad to see that we have one man boli enough to stand and protect the interest of the poor soldier. The prayers of the widow and the good wishes of the orphan is in your favor, and I hope that you will receive the blessing of Almighty God for your honest efforts in behalf of the invalid soldier. DAVID I. JAINES.

EBENSBURGH, PA., March 28.

SEND THEM ALONG.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I have taken THE TRIBUNE now perhaps

three months, and it has become very dear to me, not only for its fearless championship of all soldiers, but for the many very interesting reminiscences of the war. I don't think anything is so dear to the old soldier as to fight his battles over again, either with a comrade or to hear them related by the press. Almost every soldier that went through the war could relate some stirring battle scenes or adventure if they only had a chance, and I think one of the objects of your paper is to give them a chance if they wish. When old soldiers get to talking, if one relates an incident it brings to mind to the others something similar.

Yours truly, T. S. POTTER. DIXON, ILL., March 25.

LONG MAY IT WAVE.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE: You will find two dollars enclosed for two new subscriptions for your valuable paper. I wish I could send you a hundred. I think it is the best soldiers' paper published. I admire your honorable, straight-forward and highminded course, and wish that every soldier in the land could take the paper. I am sure that it would do a great deal of good. Give it to THE TRIBUNE. J. H. ALABACH.

ROCKERIDGE, WIS., March 29. A POST COMMANDER'S SUBSCRIPTION.

To the Editor NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Please forward THE TRIBUNE for one year,

for which find check enclosed.

CARL N. BANCROFT. Post Commander, Columbus, Ohio, HUTSONVILLE, CRAWFORD Co., ILL., March 27. MARCH 25.